

JACKSONVILLE POST

Official Paper of the City of Jacksonville Oregon

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CORVALLIS RESIDENT DIES.

Peter A. Moses Passes Away at Age of 90.

Corvallis, Or., April 7.—Peter A. Moses died this morning at his home in this city. It was the 61st anniversary of his marriage and had he lived till November he would have been 91 years old. Funeral services will be conducted Tuesday afternoon in charge of the Masonic lodge, of which he had been a member for 61 years.

Mr. Moses leaves his widow and six children—Susan Jenks of Tangent, Jesse Moses of Alsea, Armasa Moses of Hopedale, Cal., Samuel Moses of Philomath, Josephine Trask of Corvallis and Victor P. Moses, postmaster of this city.

During the civil war Mr. Moses served as a chaplain in the confederate army and after the war was elected state senator from Arkansas. He was married in 1858 and moved to Oregon in 1874. He served as principal of the schools in Brownsville, Albany, Lebanon and Jefferson and as pastor of the South Methodist church at Brownsville, Lebanon, Junction, Tangent, Lewisburg, Dayton, Roseburg, Jacksonville, Myrtle Creek and Corvallis.

Speaking Tour Declined by Hanson.

Seattle, Wash., April 7.—In a telegram to inquiring friends here M. V. Hanson replied by telegraph Saturday that he has declined all speaking engagements in the east. He said that he feels his first duty is as Mayor of Seattle and that he will devote his entire time until his term expires to this work as soon as he is able to return. His telegram also stated that he is suffering severely yet from neuritis and has benefited little by the change since being in California.

Mayor Hanson will leave Pasadena tomorrow for Ryefield, where it is quieter.

Sleeping Sickness Appears in Seattle.

Seattle, April 8.—Members of the King County Medical society last night discussed the case of a 19-year-old youth whose name they would not divulge, who, they said, has been afflicted with a form of the disease known as "sleeping sickness." The youth slept for 21 days, could be aroused from time to time and would answer questions with "yes" or "no", but was seemingly unconscious of stabs with a pin or needle. The case, it is believed, is the first reported on the Pacific coast.

Cool Bay Rain Already 57 Inches.

Marshfield, Or., April 6.—Cool Bay has within nine inches of its annual rainfall and records a little over 57 inches to date. There was one stretch of constant daily rain which extended 49 days from January 17, with a sunshiny day, and then ten days' more downpour. There have been few cold days since March 1, and the temperature on the 21st was 69. Cool Bay's annual rainfall, or Cool Bay's is 65.5 inches. There is one place in the county in Eden valley, where it averages 100 inches.

Naval Recruiting Gains.

Washington, April 10.—Recruiting for the navy during the week ended April 3, showed a slight increase over the week before, the total enrollments being 1245.

The eastern division again led with 667 and the central division was second with 245. Enrollments in the southern division were 244 and in the western division 89.

Futility of Lying.

Whatever convenience may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation is soon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man evading jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks the truth, nor trusted when perhaps he means honestly.—Wisconsin News.

THEIR EDEN

By JACK LAWTON.

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As Billy Towne drove up the narrow road, he spied a blur of scarlet at the edge of a wood. And as he came nearer, Billy whistled, for the scarlet blur proved to be a silken sweater, with a girl's brown head above it.

Billy's wonderment was caused by the fact that the road at this point was almost impassable, no human habitation for miles, and no vehicle of any sort in sight. How then had this small, white-slipped creature chosen this wilderness in which to continue her knitting? For Billy could see that she was knitting. The needles gleamed in the sunlight as the isolated girl hummed a song.

Billy had been sent up in his little car by the chief engineer and the new-made way was precarious.

The girl, raising dark eyes from her knitting, regarded him coldly, then resumed her work.

"I thought," he blundered, "that you might need assistance."

She raised her pretty brows. "Why?" she asked. "I am comfortable here."

"You're not lost then?" Billy questioned.

The girl shook her head. "I know just where I am," she answered decidedly.

There seemed nothing to do, after that, but to continue his way, but Billy felt strangely puzzled over it during the wakeful hours of the night.

So you may see what had, in one flash of dark eyes, happened to Billy. It was logical, of course, to expect that the perverse girl would be at her solitary post upon the following day. But an overwhelming desire took Billy to the chief engineer.

"Want me to go up to you again?" he asked eagerly, and the great man absent-mindedly assented, so Billy went. And far up the trail his joyous searching gaze discerned the red blur which grew into that same scarlet sweater.

Exactly in the same spot sat the haunting girl, still calmly bending over her knitting and humming what seemed to Billy a most appropriate song, "You'll Be Coming Back Again to Me, My Dearie."

Deliberately Billy stopped his car. "I wish," he said, "that you would satisfy my very natural, though maybe impertinent curiosity. How do you manage to come here? The road is closed—save to employees—and is positively dangerous. There is no other path—and the woods, of course, would be out of the question."

The girl looked frowningly at him. "Why you should concern yourself," she began, then as suddenly broke off in a smile. "Perhaps an airplane brought me," she said. "At any rate, I did not come here seeking companionship—you will excuse me—I came in the hope of being for a time, alone."

Billy excused her. Inwardly fuming he rode on his way without one backward glance. But the mocking words of the girl's low song followed him. "You'll be coming back again to me, my dearie," she sang, and in his raging heart Billy knew that the song was true. His great anxiety was that he might not find her there when he came. So, the next day he did not risk awaiting an order from the chief; he hastened on in his car.

Billy had no intention of speaking to the girl. Even the love which had found him in one flashing glance could brook no such evident snubbing. Mischievously she had laid aside her sweater and Billy could not tell until close, that she was there. When the discovery came to him his heart beat maddeningly and the surprising girl raised her face in a frank smile.

"Good morning," she greeted.

"Morning," answered Billy, "where is your airplane?"

"Oh, that—," murmured the girl, and laughing softly, "was a foolish remark. I ride up here every morning in a car like yours, and am called for at noon. I might have told you," she studied her knitting, "that I—await my husband."

"Your—husband?" muttered Billy. He had never thought of that. All the sunlight left the mountain air. It was queer, how quickly one could come to think a lot of a girl! Poor Billy gulped.

"Good-by," he said.

"Good-by," the girl replied slowly. Onward rode Billy. But his mournful meditation was interrupted by a piercing scream. Looking back, he saw the girl perched high on a bit of broken fence by the roadway. Violently she beckoned him. Billy, leaping from his car, ran to her.

"Oh!" she gasped, "a snake! A big snake there by the wood!"

Billy could not see the snake, but he caught the girl in his arms and ran with her toward his car. Safely ensconced on the seat she sighed in relief.

"Drive me down to father's shack, please," she requested. "Father is chief engineer. It is he for whom I wait every day."

"You told me," said the bewildered Billy, "that you awaited your husband."

The chief's daughter smiled.

"You looked so flirtatious I had to tell you something," she said, "and anyway, most girls do await a husband, you know."

Then Billy grinned rapturously into



HAVE STOOD TEST OF TIME

Quotations With Which All Are Familiar Acquire Popularity Only Because of Their Merits.

The quotation worthy of the high title of "familiar" must have stood the test of time and passed unharmed through the shifting tides and fashions of centuries. In its lofty or in its humble way it must show that, like Shakespeare, it "was not for an age, but for all time." I used the word "humble" because the rhymes of childhood, of the nursery, fulfill the requirement of age in a quotation worthy to be called familiar. Their intrinsic, their abstract merits may appear slight, they may even seem to be sheer nonsense, but they are passed on by mothers and nurses and by the children themselves from generation to generation. We may be assured that they would not thus have lived and prospered if they had not possessed some quality, however slender, of genuine worth, of real humor or imagination, which gave them permanence.

Then there are the popular sayings, the folk tales and ballads and the songs of the people with an ancestry lost in the mists of antiquity, which, stored in human memory and kept alive only by human lips, have come down across the centuries with their endless variants until at last they have been gathered up by the collector and the antiquarian and made safe from oblivion by print and paper. These tales and ballads are often rude in form and expression, but no curious inquiry is needed to explain their long life and lasting familiarity. In them you find wit and wisdom, sparks struck from the hard flints of experience by men and women struggling unknown through what we call life.—Henry Cabot Lodge in Scribner's.

FORTUNATE IS HOMELY MAN

If Unduly Attractive, the Unhappy Male Seems Doomed to Misfortune All His Life.

I have no objection whatsoever to children being beautiful, or to young girls being beautiful, or to a woman of whatever age being beautiful. But I do insist that for a man not to be homely is his misfortune. Irvin S. Cobb writes in American Magazine. The handsome male starts with a handicap at the very cradle.

Women of all ages insist on cooing over him and talking baby talk to him and chucking him under the chin and kissing him—especially kissing him—and since he is not of an age to appreciate these attentions the whole procedure must annoy him fearfully.

Should his beauty last into his boyhood the chances are that he has the sort of mother who will make him wear his hair long and force him to go about publicly in a broad lace collar and a black velvet suit with a sash about his waist, and that means other boys will call him by offensively apt nicknames and generally make his young life a burden to him. Most woeful of it all, if still his beauty sticks to him after he has arrived at man's estate, only a determined and persistent struggle against the odds of destiny and of circumstances can save him from drifting into the ranks of the matinee idols, the moving picture stars and the floorwalkers in the department stores.

Concrete Oil Tanks.

Storing oil in concrete tanks is the invention of an Englishman. A tank with a capacity of about ten gallons was recently made with a chemically treated concrete aggregate, and after being allowed to "weather" for seven days molding was filled with paraffin oil. Thus filled, it was placed in a shed, where it remained for 15 weeks; at the end of this period it was carefully examined. With the exception of evaporation, no loss had taken place; there was no sign of leakage, and the outside walls of the tank were free from the smell of its contents. Upon removal from the spot on which it had been standing no trace of paraffin could be detected, nor had the under side of the tank acquired any smell. This is probably the most severe test that could be applied to any container.

We Have Netted Gem and Burbank Seed Potatoes

Jno. M. Williams Co.

The People's Store. Phone 142. Jacksonville, Oregon

War's Blind Number 125.

Washington, April 10.—There were but 125 cases of total blindness and less than 4000 amputations in the American forces engaged in the war.

This is stated today by the bureau of war risk insurance in an announcement concerning the bureau's activity in supplying crippled soldiers and sailors with artificial limbs and otherwise caring for the wounded and disabled.

GET YOUR DISCHARGE

Discharged soldiers who fought in the big war are going to be issued regular honest-to-goodness "honorable discharge" medals. The emblem will be a bronze label button, similar to that of the G. A. R. A design has been selected from fifteen models submitted by artists and sculptors.

Your "honorable discharge" will be the "V" sign hanging in the window showing you are a subscriber to the Victory Loan.

PAY YOUR DEBTS

On New Year's eve the cost of the war to the United States stood at \$22,000,000,000. Practically all of this money had been raised by taxation and by the Liberty loans. The entire amount which had come into the Treasury up to that time for war purposes had either been spent or had been earmarked for specific bills.

Since the middle of November when the mobilization was signed the government has been borrowing at the rate of \$200,000,000 every two weeks to meet its war obligations. At this rate it will have obtained from the banks of the nation from four to five billions of dollars before the beginning of the fifth Liberty Loan April 21.

The people of the United States, through their representatives in Congress, voted for the expenditures which made necessary the borrowing of these huge sums. The government in anticipation of patriotic support from the country in raising the Victory Liberty Loan has already paid the bills. In all justice and honesty the people of the United States will not fail their government and will finish the job by oversubscribing the last popular war loan by an even larger percentage than they did the four which have gone before.

Naval Nicknames.

Curious nicknames are applied to vessels of the British navy. The Ariadne is known as the "Hairy Annie," or "Hangy Agony;" the Narcissus, as "Nasty Sister;" the Cressy as the "Greaser;" the Inconstant as the "Inkstand;" the Iphigenia as the "Silly Jane;" the Lucifer as the "Match Box;" the Hector as the "He Cat;" or "The Tom;" and the Neptune as the "Jew's Harp." In the American navy similar nicknames have been used to some extent. The Sassafras was known as the "Sassy Cuss;" the Mantonomah as "My Aunt Don't Know;" the Wissahickon as the "Widow Higgins;" the Winnebago or perhaps the Wyandling as "We Know She Goes Slow."—Chicago Daily News.

Eugene to Beautify Lawns

Eugene, Or., April 8.—An effort will be made to organize a campaign soon to beautify lawns, parkings and vacant lots in Eugene. Many residents have failed to take advantage of a lower water rate. A mass meeting will be held soon.

KOVERALLS

Keep Kids Kleen \$1.50 the Suit A New Suit FREE if they rip

Look for this Red Woven Label

Made by Levi Strauss & Co., San Francisco

Ham Blamed for Arrest.

Kansas City.—"Did you take that ham?" Judge Edward J. Fleming asked W. G. Robinson, negro, an ex-convict, arraigned in the north side court on a charge of petit larceny. Otto Schultz, grocer, was complaining witness.

"Judge," the negro related, "I went into Otto Schultz' store and looked up and a ham was hanging right above my head on a rope. The rope broke and the ham fell and hit me on the shoulder. That sure was temptation."

Robinson was fined \$50 and sent to the municipal farm.

CANCER

WOMAN'S BREASTS

ATTENTION TO BONE

Butter to be Boycotted.

Salt Lake City, April 7.—Until there is a substantial reduction in the price of butter in Salt Lake City, that product is to be made the subject of a drastic boycott by members of the City Federation of Women's clubs. This action was decided upon today at a meeting of the federation when it was declared that good butter is now selling here at 72 cents a pound.

The plans of the members of the federation call for "an endless telephone system" of promoting the boycott.

Blueberry Now Favored.

Astoria, April 6.—Blueberry culture may supplement cranberry culture in Clatsop county in the near future, cranberry growers favoring selected blueberry plants direct from the experimental laboratories of the United States department of agriculture at Washington, D. C.

Frederick V. Coville, botanist, in charge of blueberry investigations for the government, has sent specimens of his famous blueberry plant No. 620-A to the local cranberry growers.

Berries of this plant have been grown to three quarters of an inch in diameter.

Street Improvements Ordered in Astoria.

Astoria, Or., April 7.—Nineteen contracts for street improvements aggregating \$222,062 were let by the Astoria city council at a special meeting Saturday afternoon. Bitulithic pavement, sewer and drainage systems and concrete retaining walls are included in the contracts. Street construction in Astoria is carried on under special difficulties owing to the high hills, which make the streets mere breaks in a terrace, and to the low land along the river which must be filled in before sidewalks can be laid. In many cases the downtown streets are of hard surface material laid on piling.

Farmers in Linn County Complain of Wet Weather.

Brownsville, Or., April 7.—In this section of Linn county farmers are experiencing difficulties in getting spring plowing done. At the beginning of the season the land was soaked and drenched with constant rains, too wet to work; then came abundant sunshine for two weeks with drying winds and the farmers found the fields beginning to bake, forcing them to await more rainfall. Now the rain descends and the soil, baked in places, bids fair to again become too wet for plowing. Jake Ackerman, whose place is about a mile north of town, says that such have been the prevailing conditions on his farm, and that his neighbors are complaining of the same freak conditions.